

WEEKLY MUSEUM.



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 36.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 712.

STORY OF MALINDA.

[CONCLUDED.]

"MY lover, as I have since been informed, ordered the remains of my poor father to be carried to the grave in decent funeral. He attended the obsequies himself, and raised a monument of his own repentance by the tributary tears which he shed upon the grave. The old woman, whose hospitable hut had given a temporary shelter to our miseries, was taken by his grateful munificence from her state of indigence, and placed among the cottagers of his own estate. Tortured by a retrospection of his past conduct, and anxious to make every atonement in his power for the miseries he had entailed upon me, I was carefully removed to an apartment in his own house, where every endeavor was to administer comfort to a mind diseased. I was guarded with the tenderest care, soothed by unremitted kindness, and all my wanderings indulged.

"But even the obliterating effect of madness could not erase from my mind the direful remembrance that he was the contriver of all my miseries and upon the return of my reason, I peremptorily insisted on departing from his house. He endeavored to controvert my resolution by every argument ingenuity could suggest; he entreated me to stay with all the warmth of unaffected love, and with all the humility of sincere repentance; but I was inexorable to his prayers. The exertions of my industry I conceived would procure me support; and my soul rose indignant at the idea of receiving accommodation or relief from the man who had abused the sacred names of friendship and benevolence, for the purpose of corrupting my virtue.—The spirit of my dear and injured father rose before my view, and inspired my mind with an invincible antipathy to my betrayer. I vowed with all the pertinacity of an unalterable resolution, never to see him more; and as he dreaded that a return of madness might be the consequence of reiterated opposition, he, at length, relinquished his fruitless endeavors to detain me; and I abandoned his habitation, friendless and forlorn. The scene of this past happiness became odious to himself; and I have been since informed that he also soon after quitted his house, and now lives abroad, a wretched exile from his native country and friends, a prey to consuming sorrow and remorse. A lady who had heard my tale took me under her roof, cherished and protected me; and at her death, which happened soon afterwards, made ample provision for my future comfort. While my soul was languishing for solitude, I discovered this retreat, where I have now lived ten years, and I hope to breathe my last.

"May my tale make the impression that I wish—May innocence learn from it to beware of the beguiling tongue of flattery—May it also learn that even gratitude, the sweetest emotion of the heart, may, by opening the avenues of tenderness while it lulls the vigilance of suspicion, lead to consequences fatal to our repose. Oh, ye daughters of purity, listen to the sad monitions of sorrow. Fly, fly, from the delusive tale of the Rigitious, and be assured that when prudence suffers any inroad, virtue verges to a decline."

A GOOD NEIGHBOR.

A GOOD neighbor is like a spring trap, ready to catch you for every trespass, either accidental or intended. He smiles in your face, and yet for a shilling would cut your throat. He is always extremely civil while you have a good tap and make him welcome to taste it; but no sooner is your barrel empty than he discontinues his visits. If you ask him to eat a bit of mutton at your table every thing is choice, excellent and so forth; but no sooner does he meet any of his companions than he either censures you for extravagance, or taxes you with meanness, and makes your family and domestic economy the objects of his ridicule and animadversion.

A good neighbor will see your servants defraud you, your enemies traduce you, and your credit and interest sinking in the world, without putting you on your guard, or giving you the least intimation of what he has heard, provided he thinks you are acquainted with it; but he no sooner knows that you are no stranger to the business, than he approaches you with looks of affected condolence, expresses his concern for your misfortune, says he always feared it would happen so, and assures you that he often wished to inform you of what every body but yourself knew, only he was apprehensive that you would have regarded him as a busy-body, and one who concerned himself with other people's affairs—a character he had always despised. In your presence he will throw out his hypocritical cant, and endeavor to convince you how much he has your interest at heart; no sooner is your back turned than he laughs at the fool who gave credit to his assertions, and joins the voice of Malevolence, and the censure of Ignorance. Of all things he seems most fearful that you should do too well in the world, or have too much business; and if you are really deserving of success, and likely to obtain it, he sets all engines to work to fix some stigma on your conduct, nor even loses an opportunity of detracting from your industry, or your integrity.

Should your most inveterate enemy propagate any falsehood to your prejudice, no sooner does a good neighbor get hold of it, than he industriously circulates the aspersion, to prevent its being lost; and in every public company starts the subject with feigned expressions of sorrow, and cautions against implicitly believing it; though he takes care, at the same time, to intimate that it comes from extraordinary good authority.—If your moral or religious character, your temper or your education, happen to be the topic of conversation, with an expressive motion of the head, or significant wink, he gives his associates to understand, that these things are now-a-days but little regarded; and that, if a man has but money, he is every think that the world esteems. This decorum, he is fully convinced, is literally true in modern times; and, therefore, that you may not get the start of him in esteem, he exerts every effort to keep you poor.

Should you be attacked behind your back in the most virulent manner, though he makes a feint of defending you, he nevertheless thinks this a favorable opportunity of enumerating all your

failings and misfortunes, from your birth to the present moment; and concludes with saying,—He believes you mean well, but that you are misled by your passions, governed by your wife, or ill-advised by pretended friends.

All this, however, is done under the mask of good neighborhood; and to vilify you to the world, and expose every little foible or oversight he may have a better opportunity of observing than others, is only acting like a man who wishes you well from his heart, and would do anything to serve you. In a word, a good neighbor is a perpetual mask, internally false, but externally fair; a raven hovering over your carcass, from the hopes of some spoil; a sea-gull that will hunt you, were it only for your ordure; and the very reverse, in every respect, of what you would wish him to be, and he affects to appear.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE GARDEN.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

AN Indian Philosopher, who travelled like a sage (that is, on foot), to study Nature, chanced one day to enter a garden. He reposed with delight in this place, which belonged to a magnificent palace, and trode with transport the precious tapestry with which the ground was adorned. There the tender button of the opening rose began to expand itself, imitating by its numerous folds the brilliant knot of a rich purple cestus. There the tulip unfolded, with pride, all the pomp of its colors, ignorant of the short duration of its frail existence. Every where the ground was enamelled with flowers, the concaves of which glistening with dew presented so many cups full of precious liquid. The sweet briar seemed to have turned its thorns against itself; and, from the trembling of its foliage, one might think the willow feared for its life.—The narcissus, reclining its head, dropped crystal tears; and the tulip, placed beneath the rose, received in its beauteous chalice the precious rubies which distilled from the perfumed bosom of the superincumbent tree. But, alas! the duration of the one is but an instant, and the other is old before the end of the day.

Happy flowers! The period of their existence is determined by the setting sun, and they bloom without anxiety for the moment that is to succeed. The philosopher, having retired with regret from this delicious place, had occasion to return a few months after. Alas! how changed! Instead of the rose—instead of the nightingale, which lately joined to embellish this happy spot, the ear was struck with the piercing cries of the kite, and the mournful croaking of the frog.—The smiling verdure of the shrubbery was changed into grayish gloom, and the once charming clusters of roses presented nothing but masses of pointed thorns. He cast a look of regret on the place which had so lately enchanted him, and was unable to refrain from tears as he meditated upon the short duration of existence.

"We have only a few instants to live!" exclaimed he;—"let us, then, endeavor to take advantage of them all to insure happiness: to effect which, there is only one mode,—by consecrating them to Virtue!"

ON BEAUTY.

From a letter to a Young Lady.

THE beauty of the lady you alluded to, was her misfortune. It inspired her with an immoderate vanity, and that vanity paved the way to her ruin. It dug the grave, in which her peace and character are now entombed.

And after all, my dear girl, what is this beauty? it is a little clay, cast in an elegant mould, and by the hand of an exquisite artist, into something of symmetry and order. It is a small mixture, in the cheek, of roses and carnations.

But who needs to be informed that clay is very perishable, that roses and carnations are but for summer moments, and that afterward there comes a long autumn of sickness, or a still more dreary winter of infirmity and old age?

How transient are the power and duration of beauty! How very slight an accident or disease blasts it forever! How fatal is a fever, the small pox, or a little corroding grief to all its ornaments! and if they do not perish sooner, how dreadfully are they ravaged by the hand of time!

Whilst summer lasts, a few fluttering insects light upon its tips, to tip the sweets. Some straggling birds of passage chirp upon the neighboring spray, delighted with a view of the amiable object. The noise is enchanting, and the imagination promises that it shall be eternal. But the first storm that comes, alas! these feathered songsters migrate to warmer climates, and a fiercer sky, leaving all its withered charms to perish in neglect!

How ridiculous is the girl, who wilfully swallows the poison of flattery for any personal charms, and, in the height of her intoxication, can be insolent or conceited! What woman of spirit should not aspire to qualities, that are less accidental and less subject to change! What woman of reflection should not resolve to adorn and cultivate a mind, whose treasures may be inexhaustible, and whose attractions never die?

I pity every girl whom nature has gifted with a very pretty face. She seems, by the very act, to have marked her out for trials and temptations, and our strength is not always in proportion to our consistencies.

Most of the unfortunate ladies, I have known, have been celebrated for their beauty. This has gathered all the worthless of our sex about them; and called them into battle, if they have not fallen, they have generally received considerable scars.

Beautiful women, flushed with conquest, often neglect the necessary cultivation of their heart and understanding; and if every man would examine himself seriously, and was required to give a list of the females he most respects, the proudest, I believe, would not generally be in the number.

CURIOUS UKASE.

A Very remarkable Ukase was published by the Emperor, Alexander, the latter end of last month. It establishes pecuniary punishments both for Judges, who deliver unjust sentences, as for private persons who bring unjust actions. The Judges and Secretaries will be required to pay for each decision that shall be annulled by a superior tribunal, five per cent. upon the whole sum in dispute.

He who shall bring unjust complaints, or maintain unjust actions, shall pay, in the first instance, five per cent; in the second, ten; in the third, twenty per cent. upon the whole sum so unjustly litigated. The Ukase concludes in the following terms: "Moreover, if in the end there be found Judges and Secretaries who carry the forgetfulness of their duties so far as not to amend after repeated punishments for unjust sentences, and who fall again into the same fault, they shall, besides being subjected to a pecuniary penalty, be dismissed from the functions; and if they practise openly injustice and partiality, they shall lose not only their places, but be subjected to ulterior examination and punishment, conformably to the laws." [Lond. Pap.]

THE AGE OF REASON.

THE following audacious theft was lately practised in London. A fellow entered a gentleman's house in Portland-place, and finding no person in the servants' hall, he took all the great coats, which were nearly new, and threw them over his shoulder. As he was making his escape, he was met by the second coachman, who enquired what he was going to do with the coats? The fellow quite unembarrassed, replied, "that he was taking them to clean," as they were splashed. The coachman, believing this to be the case, said, "Stop a little, and you shall have mine too," which he accordingly gave him, and suffered the fellow to depart; nor was it until some hours after that the theft was discovered.

SCRAP. Prudence is the eye of virtue.

SONNET.

BRIGHT through the portals of the azure east
The silver crescent of the dewy eve
Sheds her mild influence upon ocean's breast,
Gilding the white sails, gliding o'er the wave.
The western gale bears thro' the star-gem'd skies,
Celestial odours on its fluttering wing.
While the pure breath of humid evening sighs
Around the wild flow'rs of the genial spring.
But ah! the victim of heart-with'ring woe,
In fairy scenes finds no respite from care,
Though Nature's varied beauties round him glow,
And balms ambrosial fill the tranquil air;
To tread the blasted heath when tempests roll,
Is more congenial to his darken'd soul.

A SMILE AND A TEAR.

YOU own I'm complacent, but tell me I'm cold,
Then must I my youth's early sorrows unfold,
Must waken remembrance to joys that are fled,
Now hope is extinguish'd, and passion is dead:—
I have lost in life's morn all that life could endear,
And if I am cheerful, I smile thro' a tear.

My parents, tho' humble, were happy and good,
We could boast of our honor, if not of our blood:
My lover, ah! how the sad tale shall I tell,
For his country he fought, for his country he fell:
He was brave, he was true, to my soul he was dear,
His fame claims a smile, but it shines thro' a tear.

In vain would I picture my agoniz'd heart,
My parents' soft footings no balm could impart:
They sunk o'er the child whom they could not relieve,
And the cold hand of Death left me only to grieve:
Thus fated to suffer, that moment draws near,
When you'll neither distinguish a smile nor a tear.

THE SAILOR.

BORNE high upon the mountain wave,
The Sailor, while the angry wind
Around him, bids the tempest rave,
Calls many a ling'ring look behind.

Deep when the ship descends below,
Around him while the surges foam,
Forgetful of the storms that blow,
He casts an anxious look for home.

Home! where his lovely, cheerful mate,
Alas! no longer cheerful now;
Thinks, with a sigh, what dangers wait
The hardy hearts the deep that plow.

The storm subsides—the mountain seas
No longer to its howlings roar;
Up springs the freshly fanning breeze,
And wafts him to the wish'd-for shore.

There, happy where his mistress smiles,
No longer tedious watchings pain,
Safe in her arms forgets the toils,
Nor thinks upon the stormy main.

REFLECTIONS IN A GRAVE YARD.

HERE lie alike the poor and great,
The beggar and the monarch too;
Where now is all the pomp of state,
The wealth which crowds of flatterers drew!

Tell me, thou tenant of the clod,
Tho' thy proud marble rears to high,
Do'st thou rest easier 'neath the sod
Than this neglected beggar by?

Say, will the worm that preys on thee,
Neglect his yet unfinished meal,
And purely out of reverence flee,
And to some meaner banquet steal?

Learn, mortal, this, tho' nature may,
For sport, make beggars, lords and kings,
'Tis but the difference of a day:
The grave an equilibrium brings.

Man, while thy few remaining sands
Are falling from thee, one by one,
Remember that the hour-glass stands,
Its silent course no more to run.

SCRAP.

BEAUTIES in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms win the sight, but merit strikes the soul.

FINE FEELINGS IN AN AFRICAN.

AN African, who had become unfortunate, surrendered himself to his creditor, who, according to the established custom of the country in such cases, sold him to the Europeans. Before the departure of the vessel for the West Indies, the son of this man came to him on shipboard. After the tenderest effusions of sensibility on both sides, the son respectfully reproached the father for not having made use of the power the law gave him, selling his children for paying his debts; and demanded with great earnestness, to be allowed to take his place; but the father not less generous than the son, having agreed to this exchange, the son applied to the owner of the slaves, and had no difficulty in persuading him, that a young robust person was better able to bear the fatigue than a man already advanced in years. This offer was accepted; the son was put in chains, and the father, in spite of himself, not being able to prevent it, was set at liberty. Mr. Hest having been witness to this generous contest, was so affected by it, as to represent it to the governor, who, moved by the story, sent for the owner of the slaves, paid out of his own pocket the money he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.

Those who wish to degrade human nature, and vilify the works of God, must often meet with facts which contradict their detestable hypothesis. God made man upright; and there are traces of the original propensity of the human mind to beneficence and kindness, in all nations and among every people. Whoever attempts to inculcate an opposite doctrine, is guilty of treason,—against the Majesty of human nature.

ANECDOTE OF TOUSSAINT.

SHORTLY after Bonaparte appointed himself First Consul, he dispatched an officer in his confidence, to St. Domingo, under the pretence of commercial business, but in reality for the purpose of learning the designs of the Negro Chief. This person, who soon became suspected by Toussaint, was invited by him to a grand dinner, at which all the General Officers and Magistrates were present. When the dessert was served, Toussaint drew from his pocket two pistols, and placing them on the table before him, exclaimed, "There is a spy in this assembly."—A dead silence was preserved.—Toussaint then addressing himself to the officer, said, "You are the man, and I should be justified in blowing your brains out." The officer, rising, with great composure, replied, "You may, if you please; but it will be an useless crime." Toussaint, surprised at the resolution of the man, after a short pause, said to him, "Give me your hand; you are a brave fellow. I know that Bonaparte, as soon as he has made a peace in Europe, will send an army to subdue me, but I laugh at all he can do."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "GROG."

GENERAL orders were issued by Admiral Vernon, that the daily allowance of rum, which had previously been taken clear, should be mixed with water. This salutary innovation was highly offensive to the sailors; and, in their resentment, they gave to the Admiral the nickname of Grog, in allusion to a coat that he then wore, made of cloth called grogram. And, from hence, the word "grog" has been appropriated as the name for spirits, when they are diluted or mixed with water.

ANECDOTES.

EDWARD the Confessor, one day lying on his bed, observed a person (who thought him asleep,) take some money out of his casket, with which he went off; he soon returned, and retreated with another booty. On his making a third attempt, "Be as quick as you can," said the King, "for should Hugoline (the King's Chancellor,) catch you, you will lose all you have got, and be hanged into the bargain." The Chancellor coming soon after, was greatly concerned at the robbery; "Regard it not," said the King, "the man who has it, wanted it more than we."

Cardinal Perron was so well skilled in theological lore, that one day, having been thanked by Henry III. of France, for having, in an elegant oration, refuted every argument which could be alleged in favor of Atheism, he was so much off his guard as to tell the King, that if his Majesty would attend to him the next morning, he would engage to convince him that the Atheist had the truth on his side.

REMARK. In the forming of female friendships, beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

SONO!

GO zephyr and whisper the maid,
That I sigh at her cruel delay!
Go tell her the son of the shade,
Is silent while she is away.

*Twas her beauty gave life to the vale,
And fill'd ev'ry swain with delight;
*Twas her voice that rous'd the gale,
*Twas her charms that gave lustre to night.

But since she has fled from our eye,
The pleasures are gone with the fair;
The streamlet moves on with a sigh,
Each grove seems the haunt of despair.

Oh bring her once more to our plain,
You'll find her where innocence roves;
The graces are all in her train,
And her cot is the seat of the loves.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1802.

Wednesday afternoon about five o'clock, the schooner Owasco, Capt. Cables, belonging to Messrs. Evertson and Long, of Poughkeepsie, with thirty-six horses on deck, lying at the old Albany-pier, took fire in the hay, and spread with such rapidity, that before it was extinguished, five of the horses were burnt to death, and ten or twelve others so much scorched, that it is expected they cannot survive; the remainder were fortunately got overboard and towed ashore.

The Owasco was to have sailed the next day for the West-Indies. The fire, it is supposed, originated from a spark from the combouse alighting in some hay; and we are happy to add that notwithstanding its alarming appearance, it was got under without doing any damage to her hull and cargo. The loss is estimated at nearly 4000 dol.

The Newark Centinel of Tuesday last mentions, that--- "Last week David Dodd, Reuben Dodge and Ambrose Ward, having failed to Rockaway in a small skiff, on their return, when they had just arrived in the Narrows, they were met with very severe swells, and immediately upset. ---Reuben Dodd and Ambrose Ward, were instantly drowned. David Dodd, by the aid of an oar buoyed himself upon the waves until a boat came to his relief, though much exhausted. It is but justice to the unfortunate sufferers to add, that they are men of exalted reputation and worthy members of society. Mr. Dodd has left a family to deplore his untimely fate.

RENEWED WAR IN ST. DOMINGO.

By the snow George, Bell, from Cape Francois, in ten days, we are informed, that Toussaint had revolted, in consequence of which, three divisions of Lecle's troops had been engaged with the blacks, and very roughly handled; no quarters given. Aurora.

We are informed by a gentleman just from Eddyville, that the Indians have killed several families on the Ohio and Mississippi, and that the people have generally retired into the forts. We are also informed the inhabitants are fortified up about Fort Blount, on account of the whites having killed an Indian. [Tennessee Gaz, May 12.

From a late London paper.

A late number of a Humberg paper, called the Northern Star, says, that a body of French troops under the command of Gen. Bernadotte, is about to be sent out to take possession of Louisiana. The Irish Emigrants in France are to be appointed officers in this corps, and to receive other encouragements in the new colony. [Morning Chronicle.

The notorious Bowles, who has considerable influence over the Southern Indians, has involved the Cherokees and Creeks, in a war with the Spaniards of East-Florida. A Charleston paper after enumerating many of his late predatory acts, concludes as follows---

"The results of this business will finally be, that the Creek nation (deluded by Bowles) who have received all aid and assistance from the Spanish government, and by whom they were never interrupted, will now, in all probability, be much distressed, and drove back by which they will lose that peaceable and beneficial traffic they had with their friendly and good natured neighbors."

Alexander's paper.

David Forester, lately executed for the murder of Capt. Pigott, of the Hermione, made the following shocking confession a few minutes previous to his being turned off:--- "That he went into the cabin and forced Capt. Pigott overboard thro' the port while he was alive. He then got on the quarter deck, and found the First Lieutenant begging for his life, saying he had a wife and three children depending on him for support; he took hold of him, and assisted in heaving him overboard alive; and declared he did not think the people would have taken his life, had he not first took hold of him. A cry was then heard through the ship, that Lt. Douglas could not be found; he took a lantern and candle and went into the gun room, and found the Lieutenant under the Marine Officer's cabin; he called in the rest of the people, when they dragged him on deck and threw him overboard. He next caught hold of Mr. Smith, a midshipman; a scuffle ensued, and finding him likely to get away, he struck him with his tomahawk, and threw him overboard. The general cry next, was for putting all the officers to death, that they might not appear as evidence against them; and he seized on the Captain's Clerk, who was immediately put to death." [London paper.

A marvellous letter from Surinam states, that Capt. Brown, of the 5th battalion of the 6th regiment, being out on a shooting party upon the Surinam River, saw a large shark near to shore, which he shot at with a bow and arrow. The fish was evidently struck, and went down, and the next morning it was seen in a wounded state close to shore; on which boat went off and brought it in, and killed it; and on opening it, to the astonishment of Capt. Brown, and a considerable number of people, there was found in the stomach a woman, genteelly dressed, and entire except her head, which had been evidently severed from the body. [London paper.

Windham, April 29.

HORRID MURDER.

Died, at Canterbury, on Wednesday of last week, widow Jerusha Brewster, aged 62, she was poisoned with arsenic, and lived but six hours after the fatal poison was taken, in the most extreme and racking pain; but the sympathetic feeling excited by her torture, is mostly lost in the horror and disgust which seizes the mind when it is forced to admit that it was done by design. Mrs. Brewster lived in the house with her son-in-law, James Morse; she had been absent from the family more than a fortnight---she left a bowl of flour in her cupboard, and the morning after her return home she made some cakes of the flour. While she was preparing her breakfast, two of her grand children came into the room, to each of them she gave a cake. Soon after her daughter, Mrs. Morse, who always treated her mother well, came in with her child of nine months old; she sat two giving her child a piece, and went out. Mrs. Brewster then began her breakfast, and had nearly done when the children and the mother were taken with puking, the two children first, then the mother and infant. The daughter, Mrs. Morse sent to her mother, not to eat any more of the cakes. She came into her daughter's room, and in about five minutes was taken with a most violent vomiting. The physician was called and by proper antidotes arrested the fatal progress of the poison in Mrs. Morse and her children, but had no efficacy upon the old lady. A jury of inquest sat upon her body and gave a verdict "Poison, and by design." The body was opened and a considerable quantity of arsenic taken out. The cakes that remained were examined, and pieces of the poison found in them. In the enquiry after the murder, circumstances fixed the public mind upon the son in law, Morse.---He has been examined by the civil authority of the town, but no positive evidence appeared then, and he was set at liberty.

"Mrs. Brewster's funeral was attended by a vast concourse of people on Friday.---The Rev. Mr. Lee being absent, of whose church she was a member, the Rev. Mr. Waterman, of Windham, preached on the occasion from 2 Cor. ii. 5. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

The Reformed Synod of New-York, which met in this city the first week in May last, appointed the 4th Wednesday in June to be observed by all the churches within the Synod, as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer, "to confess the prevailing sins of our land, and supplicate an outpouring of the Spirit of God for the revival of true and vital religion." On that day therefore (viz. the 23d inst.) in all the Dutch Reformed Churches divine service will be performed.

COURT OF HYMEN.

'TIS not in Hymen's gay propitious hour,
With summer skies, and genial breezes blest,
That Man a consort's worth approveth best:
'Tis when the skies with gloomy tempests lour,
When Cares and Sorrows all their torments pour,
She clasps him closer to her hallow'd breast,
Pillows his head, and lays his heart to rest,
Drying her cheek from sympathetic show'rs."

MARRIED.

On Saturday the 17th April, at London, HENRY BARRING, Esq. to Miss MARIA BINGHAM, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Bingham, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr Rodgers, Capt. ROBERT JOHNSTON, of the brig Paisley, to Miss HANNAH HOOPER, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr SAMUEL PALMER, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH ALLAIRE, daughter of Peter A. Allaire, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr O'Brien, Mr JAMES RATHWELL, Keeper of the Tontine Coffee-House, to Miss CATHARINE BYRNE, daughter of the late John Byrne, of this city.

DIED.

On Saturday last, of a lingering and painful consumption, in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. ANN FIELD, wife of Charles I. Field of this city. She left an aged mother, a disconsolate husband and three children to lament her loss. In her life time she exhibited a character superior for virtue. During her long and painful illness, and when in the prospect of approaching dissolution, she manifested the most pious resignation and christian fortitude. To her husband she was all that he could wish in this life; to her children she was a tender and affectionate mother.---All who knew her will respect her memory, and console themselves that she has only exchanged mortal for celestial felicity.

OBSERVATION.

AN acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modest department of really wise men, when contrasted to the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation. He might, however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit, instead of wisdom, which often happens, the head is still borne up with all the pride of emptiness.

THEATRE.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF ESTABLISHING A FUND.

Whereby the immediate and pressing distresses of such persons, connected with the New-York Theatre, as may hereafter be incapable of assisting themselves, or of unfortunate Widows or Orphan Children of Performers and others, may be relieved.

On Monday evening, will be presented, the very popular and excellent comedy of, the

Poor Gentleman.

To which will be added,

Rosina,

OR, THE REATERS.

ROBERT LITTLE.

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Pottery warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider.---Also Claret wine of a superior quality.

Cash for empty Bottles. June 19, if

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to a genteel business.---A Youth from 14 to 16 years of age, of reputable connections, and good disposition, may hear of an eligible situation, by applying to the printer of this paper. June 12.

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Father and Daughter,
A TALE.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ORIGINAL SCOTS SONG.

THE bloom o' youth's on Nancy's cheek
An' love sparks saftly in her e'e:
Her auburn locks, (ae smooth an' sleek,
I own hae quite enchanted me:
Her cottage stands by yonder hill:
My way lies thro' yon lonesome grove,
An', tho' the night's baith dark an' chill,
I will gae see the lass I love!

For what is wind, or what is weat,
Or a' the terrors o' the grove;
Or what is snaf, or what is fleet,
Compar'd wi' ene I truly love?
No a' that join'd will frighten me;
I'll tak' my plaid, an' out I'll rove;
I'll pass the grove an' hill fae hie,
An' then I'll see the lass I love!

Her een are like twa blobs o' dew,
That sparkle on the flow'rie thorn;
Her breast is o' the lily's hue,
Her face is fairer than the morn;
But a' her charms, an' native grace,
Hae never pow'r my heart to move,
Gif virtue too had not a place
In the sweet bonnie lass I love!

Then a kiss frae her bonnie mou'
A kind look frae her sparklin' e'e,
Or a squeeze o' her hand, I trow,
Does far owre pay a' toil to me;
I envy not the rich or great,
As lang as she does constant prove:
For what is a' the pomp o' state
Compar'd wi' the sweet lass I love!

CANZONET.

When the dawn, with touch of roses,
Doffs aside her shadowy veil,
Every folded plant discloses
Hoarded fragrance o'er the dale;
Frolic zephyr wanders, sipping
Virgin odours through each bower,
And the liquid perfumes, dripping
From the petals of each flower,
Oh! how sweet the gale to prove,
'Tis the BREATH of her I love!

When the noon-tide warmth diffusing
Scorching vapors in the air,
Faded herbs, their vigor losing,
Drop beneath the sultry glare;
Sol, with lambent glory streaming,
Pours from his meridian height,
Golden fires too vivid beaming—
Flame the heart and blind the sight.
Oh! that ray I dare not prove,
'Tis the SUN of her I love!

When soft Eden, coyly peeping,
Steals her unobtrusive reign,
Nature hangs dejected, weeping
Sil'ry sorrows o'er the plain:
Lightly through the pale horizon
Feather'd poets wing their way,
Hymning oft a wild benison,
Floated long in choral lay.
Oh! the bliss the sound to prove,
'Tis the VOICE of her I love!

When black night, her orgies keeping,
Shrouds in deepest gloom the skies,
Subtle slumber hovers, sleeping
Poppy'd spells in mortal eyes:
Then, bright fancy's films unfolding;
All her lucid haunts display:
Visions then of minds beholding,
Ev'n of night create a day!
Oh! what joy that dream to prove,
'Tis the SMILE of her I love!

BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the house No. 51, corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich streets, (late occupied by Mrs. Brasher,) where several Gentlemen can be accommodated by the year, or less time. May 1st.

MORALIST.

BOTH in the natural and moral world, men "reap what they sow." A piece of ground, that is of a prolific nature, if it be originally sown with the seeds of useless and pernicious plants, will not fail to shoot up a corresponding crop; and, in the mean time, it will thereafter be very difficult to raise a growth of good plants thereon; because the weeds and tares, springing up and growing thickly and luxuriously, will choke the good seed, so that it will be rendered unfruitful. And so it is with the human mind. If it be pre-occupied with evil feed; if the seeds of obduracy, idleness, or any vices whatever, get root therein, a good culture will become difficult if not impossible. The germ of education, in every person, is formed at a very early age. Either the good or the evil seed begins to be sown in the young mind, almost as soon as the child leaves its mother's arms; and it is not uncommon, that the character is, in a manner, fixed for life even before the age of ten.

In the earliest moments of the human existence, the infantile mind is a kind of a blank;—it is destitute of ideas, but is capable of constantly receiving them from surrounding objects, through the medium of the senses. It receives impressions from whatever comes in contact with its bodily senses, as soft wax is impressed by the seal; and the earliest impressions, of whatever kind they may be, are commonly the most deep and lasting. [Hudson Balance.

ACADEMY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers, and the public in general, that he has employed Mr. AARON GARDNER to teach with him in his Academy, No. 1 Fifth-street, second door from Bowery-Lane, a little north from the New Watch house, a commodious airy and healthy situation. Mr. GARDNER has been regularly educated at the College in Providence, State of Rhode-Island, and has with him credentials sufficient to satisfy any one relative to his morals and literary qualifications. At the said Academy will be taught the various branches of English Literature with accuracy; also, the rudiments of the Latin and Greek Languages. The strictest attention paid to order, morality and civil deportment of the pupils; and hope by their assiduous endeavors to merit a reasonable degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows:

Per quarter for spelling and reading, a dollar; reading and writing a 1-2 do. writing and arithmetic, 3 do. English grammar and art of speaking 4 do. geometry and trigonometry 5 do. surveying 5 do. Latin and Greek languages 6 do.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemized plan, and professes to learn any person to write an eligible fair hand, large and small, in three months, they paying strict attention, or he will exact no pay. He will attend on writers, and give lessons at their own houses, or at the Academy above-mentioned. W. D. LAZELL.

NB. A Morning and Evening School is now open, and will be attended at the said Academy, from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, for the purpose of teaching the above branches, or any of them.

TICE'S.

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING.

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never soils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. TICE'S signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-street. June 12.

EDUCATION.

B. LEONARD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened his Academy No. 28 Frankfort-street, where he teaches the Latin and French Languages Book-keeping in the Italian or other methods, Navigation, Geometry, Plain, Oblique and Spheric Trigonometry Heights and Distances, Algebra, &c. and the various branches of English Education. He has opened a Morning School in the same place for Young Gentlemen and Ladies, in either of the above branches of Literature. He is persuaded that his diligence in attention will insure him the approbation of those who are pleased to favor him with their patronage. May 29: 29 of 44 7

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

It is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pints 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents. May 22d, am.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX, The Genuine French Almond Pate,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Fritets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

98 3m

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE young ladies and gentlemen of this city are respectfully informed that the subscriber, having on hand a small collection of books well calculated for the instruction and amusement of juvenile readers, has formed a Circulating Library. The collection though small, is interesting, and if the proprietor meets due encouragement, will be enlarged till it becomes more worthy of general attention. It consists of celebrated works in History, Biography, Poetry, Miscellany, and a handsome selection of novels, the most celebrated and approved. The terms may be known by applying to the proprietor at No. 79 Beekman-street.

Every favor from either the ladies or gentlemen will be gratefully acknowledged, by their very humble servant;

June 1. M. NASH.

NB. The only hours of admittance to the Library, at present, will be 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening. 10 tf.

JAMES ALWAYS, Window Chair Maker.

Notifies his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windsor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

NB. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to. January 30,

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. XIV—NO. 37.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 715.

THE SHIELD OF EXPECTATION.

A TALE.

SÆMUNGVE was lineally descended from great Odin, and his ancestors had long reigned over the kingdom of Norway. The mild rays of christianity had not yet penetrated the thick forests of the North, nor softened by its mollifying influence the fierce disposition of the youth. Sæmungve was now arrived at the age of sixteen, when he was to become his own master; and at the public assembly of the chiefs he received, with the accustomed forms, a sword, a lance, and a smooth and polished brazen shield, called, "Shield of Expectation."

The youth resembled the oak of the forest, and as ill brook to bend to the fierceness of the storm. His limbs were exactly proportioned; his hair, of the color of the brightest gold, was combed with the greatest care, and reached between his middle; his countenance had the fierceness of the bear when she is deprived of her young, and could he give a softness to his features, which was expressive of the greatest tenderness.

Sæmungve had never been foiled in the infant and boyish contests which daily marked the warriors of the northern nations. He took the frightful leaps from the pointed and overhanging rock, and was delighted to find his companions unable to follow him. He wrestled with arising strength and agility, and never yielded to his antagonist.

When he trod the gothic hall of his ancestors, his eye contemplated the numerous shields in which its walls were ornamented, he burned to see his own graven; he turned with disgust to its smooth and polished surface, and enjoyed neither rest nor quiet till he could achieve some deed of prowess worthy to be delineated on the shield of Expectation; for, as yet, the son did not plume himself upon the trophies of his ancestors; and although descended from a long and noble train of heroes, was still in no higher estimation than his fellows, till in his own person he had accomplished some action worthy of being recorded.

At length, on the arrival of spring, an expedition was determined on. A veteran chief, whose countenance was disfigured by the numerous wounds he had received, gave the customary harangue, and invited all those who were ambitious of renown to join his standard. The Prince of Norway, with a look the most animated, and a glow of light that its pressure hardly marked the fading grass, offered himself. He was accepted with pleasure, and two hours only allowed before he was to begin his march. These devoted to filial piety—no duty was held in higher reverence; and he approached his mother with a joy which nothing could conceal.

"I am going," said he, "to add, I hope, to the renown of my ancestors, and I come for the blessing of my mother on my first attempt."

"Go, my son," returned the exulting parent—go—and remember the blood of Odin flows in your veins. Fear not death—seek it! Should you be happy enough to meet with it, you will find yourself immediately seated with your great ancestors in Odin's hall, where you

will quaff flowing hydromel out of the skulls of your enemies! Let me see thee come back unconquered—Let me not have to join with the other females to drive thee from the seat of thine ancestors!"

Sæmungve, grasping the hilt of his sword with firmness, bowed in silence, and withdrew.

The moon had hardly completed her circle round the earth, when the shouts of the returning warriors were heard, and their approach announced with victory and honor.

With eager step did the mother of Sæmungve cross the drawbridge of the palace of her son, to meet and welcome him, if he had proved himself worthy; or to load him with the keenest reproaches, if he had failed in his duty.

And now the remains of the band drew near. Spoils and slaves in due procession led the way; next the dead bodies of their deceased comrades; and last, the veteran hero, followed by his faithful associates. In the post of honor—in the van of the victors—by the side of the commander, the mother of Sæmungve fought eagerly her son:—but he was not there! A momentary horror, the impulse of maternal tenderness not quite subdued, chilled her blood. It was but momentary; for, straining her eye again, she saw him—in the same rank, and still among the novices, as when he departed! Melancholy was depicted in his countenance, and his eyes were averted from the looks of his inquisitive mother. They halt—a distribution of the spoil takes place—all is divided with that just impartiality, by the leader, that not a murmur is heard. Sæmungve receives his share in common with the rest, but no more. His mother, no longer able to restrain her impatience, accosts the chief—

"And has the successor of Odin only ordinary merit?"

(The cheek of the youth was tinged with the blush of vexation.)

"Be patient, venerable matron," returned the chief:—"thy son has not disgraced the names of his ancestors.—Where all are heroes who can excel? The brave have not often the opportunity of outvying companions of equal courage. Thy son left nothing unattempted to acquire fame; and had there been any who had fallen short of extreme praise, his would have been great. In the legions of the south he would have been accounted more than mortal. We are all above mortality; for death, the terror of our foes, is our ambition!"

To the hall of his ancestors returned the Prince of Norway. His buckler had still its hated smoothness; and when he again surveyed those of his kindred, his anguish was inexpressible. The bards, who sung the praises of his forefathers, only increased his vexation by the theme. His accustomed exercises lost their relish, and every waning moon seemed to reproach his sloth and inactivity.

Sæmungve had an old servant, who had been taken captive in Denmark by his father, and was of noble blood in his native country. To him had the education of the Prince been committed. To the faithful Harold, at length, did his pupil unburthen himself; with him form a plan, which,

if executed, would, he hoped, yield him immortal honor. With the assistance of Harold, he fitted out secretly a vessel, and with a few but faithful companions, set sail for the coast of Denmark.

As they approached the shore, the crew were alarmed by the noise of a tumult; and, just as they were landing they heard the shrieks of women, and the conflict of armed men. The Prince flew to the spot, followed by his faithful friends, where they saw the guard of a noble female faintly fighting with a numerous troop, and sinking under accumulated attacks. As the lion rushes with irresistible force on his devoted prey, so did the youthful Norwegian rush into the midst of the conflict. His sword dealt death and destruction at every blow; and although the aggressors were brave, and the Prince of Norway bled freely, yet did victory, after almost incredible exertions, declare in his favor.

Sæmungve now halted to address the afflicted fair one, who, in the most expressive language, aided by her enchanting looks and bewitching smiles, not only returned her acknowledgments to her deliverer, but, terrified at seeing him bleed so fast, immediately bound up his wounds with the greatest skill and tenderness, in which she was assisted by her now joyful maidens.

The friends of our hero were now busy in collecting the spoils of the conquered field. The maidens having assisted their mistress, retired to a respectful distance. The Prince, who had already taken great draughts of the intoxicating cup of love, in trembling accents avowed himself her lover, and requested to be made her knight. She pointed to his yet polished shield. Sæmungve's countenance was instantly overspread with a blush of conscious shame: he turned away his head, and, in doing so, caught a view of the field strewn with dead bodies. He modestly hinted at his achievement of her delivery. The lady, who already felt the tenderest emotions, admitted the merit of the deed; and, taking a cerulean fillet from her hair, with the most graceful deportment presented it to her deliverer. He kissed it with the most profound reverence, and, bidding it on the handle of his sword, swore by that weapon to part with life sooner than resign it. He proceeded to enquire into the particulars of her misfortune. She was going to see the friends of her long-lost father, she told him, when she was suddenly assailed by the followers of Roland, a lord, whose residence was in the castle to which she pointed, who had long proffered his love in vain, and was base enough to use force to put himself in possession of her person.

"What can I do," cried the still more enraptured Prince, "to deserve thy love?"

"Restore me to my friends—conquer that base lord—and I am thine."

[To be concluded in our next.]

REMARK.

Vanity and self-importance are the characteristics of the insignificant and foolish—malice and falsehood are characteristics of the mean and worthless—These four ingredients compounded produce a wicked and miserable creature.